

The sealing of my passport took a considerable time, during which, with *Qasha*, I paid several visits, was regaled with Armenian cookery, tried to change a *mejdieh* at the Treasury, but found it absolutely empty, and went to see a miracle-working New Testament, said to be of great antiquity, in an Armenian house. It was hanging on the wall in a leather bag, from which depended strings of blue and onyx beads. Sick people come to it even from great distances, as well as the friends of those who are themselves too ill to travel. The bag can only be opened by a priest. The power of healing depends on a sum of money being paid to the priest and the owners. The sick person receives a glass bead, and is forthwith cured.

. On Gawar Plain I lodged in the village houses, either in semi-subterranean hovels, in which the families live with their horses and buffaloes, or in rooms over stables. Very many sick people came to me for medicines, and others with tales of wrong for conveyance to "the Consul" at Erzerum. No one seemed to trust any one. These conversations were always held at night in whispers, with the candle hidden "under a bushel," the light-holes filled up with straw, the door barred or a heavy stone laid against it, and a watch outside.

The Gawar Christians are industrious and inoffensive, and have no higher aspiration than to be let alone, but they are the victims of a Kurdish rapacity which leaves them little more than necessary food. * Their villages

usually belong to Kurdish Aghas who take
from them
double the lawful taxes and tithes. The
Herkis sweep
over the plain in their autumn migration "
like a locust
cloud," carrying off the possessions of the
miserable people,
spoiling their granaries and driving off their
flocks. The
Kurds of the neighbouring slopes and
mountains rob
them by violence at night, and in the day
by exactions